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NBC

ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(TIME (DATE DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

MARY: (FADE IN) Aren't you planning anything special for Christmas Eve, Robert?

BESS: Oh, Mary. You see, Jim and Jerry had to go up in the Forest on some special job this morning and they're not coming down until they'll get down.

MARY: It's a shame they have to work on Christmas Day.

BESS: Oh, I don't know that much especially. Mary, help of course we could do plan anything. I've got a good idea. I can put in the oven a little later and we can have that and fix up with a little Christmas dinner if they get home in time.

MARY: But that will be nice. Now I'll wish Jerry and Jim. Somehow they'll have something good at home. You know sort of festive, so it would be a little different from other days.

BESS: Yes, it would be nice.

MARY: Yes, because they went with the last night. Remember when all those Christmas people that had to be up in the Forest? The old they worked till they were in the Forest. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas.

BESS: Oh, that's a good idea. They always do. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas.

MARY: He likes to do it. He said it was a good idea. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas. They were the last people that had a good Christmas.

BESS I do hope we didn't forget anybody.

MARY There were so many brackets I don't see how anyone could have been missed.

BESS No matter how hard we try to get them all. It seems that some family always gets missed. There's usually someone we don't know about who needs help. Just put those things over here on the table, Mary. I guess that takes care of everything.

SOUND (DOOR OPENS)

JERRY (FADE IN) Hello folks.

JIM Hello, Bess. Hello, theme. Mary. What do we eat?

SOUND (DOOR CLOSING)

BESS My goodness. Jim. How far have you and your wife come at thirty?

JIM How did we get home so early? Oh, I was out as soon as I was appearing open the door up in the house as I expected. The door got through in short order.

BESS Oh, that's fine. I thought that those policemen would show up eventually.

JERRY What do we eat?

MARY Oh, you think we'll have to change these out of the kitchen Mrs. Bookings?

BESS Not if they behave themselves, Mary.

JIM (CHUCKLES) We will.

BESS The sandwich you eat at home good too too good.

JIM: Sure what do you got to put in the oven, Bess?

BESS: I have a roast, Jim. That's all we planned to eat.

JIM: Uh-huh. It would keep, wouldn't it?

BESS: Oh, yes.

JIM: Well, the day's young yet. How about something special?

A turkey?

BESS: Well, you see, Jim.

JIM: It's been more like Christmas with a turkey, wouldn't it?

BESS: Yes, of course, but I'm afraid it's too late now to get a turkey. If we had turkey we ought to have it in the oven right now.

JIM: Oh, there's lots of time. Listen, Bess, I'll get us a turkey if I have to grow one.

JERRY: Gosh, Jim, nobody around here raised turkeys this year.

MARY: Mr. Todd had a few, didn't he?

JIM: By George, he did, Mary. I'll call him on the telephone.

(FADE) Hope he hasn't sold 'em all.

JERRY: We couldn't get one if we'd know about it yesterday.

SOUND: (PHONE BEING CRANKED) (OFF HIDE)

JIM: Can you get me some Todd's address? Thanks.

JERRY: Tell him we'll be right over after 10. Jim.

JIM: Hello—Jake? This is Jim Robbins. Fine. How are yourself? Say, Jake, how's chances of getting a turkey from you? Kinda forgot this was Christmas. Been workin' so hard lately. huh? I see. Sold 'em all, eh? Got any idea where I might get one? Yeah. Coulter's and who? Oh, Baker. Yeah. I'll try both of 'em. Thanks, Jake. MERRY CHRISTMAS to you and your wife. That's. Goodbye.
(RECEIVER CLICK)

BESS: Didn't we have any, Jim?

JIM: Sold 'em all, Bess. But he said he thought Bill Coulter and old man Baker raised turkeys this year. We'd better run down and see Jerry.

JERRY: Can't we call 'em on the phone?

JIM: Don't either one of 'em have telephones?

JERRY: Where were the cars?

JIM: Yeah. Then if they don't have any turkeys left we can drive somewhere else.

BESS: Don't be gone more than an hour, Jim.

ROUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JIM: (FADING) All right, Bess. We'll bring you back a turkey.

MUSIC: (INTERLUDE)

MARY: (FADING IN) O. I hope Mr. Robbins finds a turkey.

BESS: Jim will find one if there's one to be found.

MARY: It's going to be just isn't it.

BESS: I always like little parties or special celebration like this.

MART: I know. I know it won't mail this day for you if it's not
(Pause)

BESS: That's what you want to do? I told you -

MART: Please just come.

BESS: Good night to you, Mr. Mart.

MART: Mr. Mart. I'll be right back. Something's wrong. In the

SCENE: (DOOR CLOSING)

JIM: (PAUSE IN) We got it. Bess. We got it. Bess.

SCENE: (CRATTLE OF PAPER DOOR CLOSING)

JERRY: I'd like to see you, Mrs. Bess.

JIM: Look, Bess. I'm not dressed and ready to get into the
house.

BESS: Now, you know, I never saw you in a bad mood. It's not the
first time.

MART: Where's the car now?

JIM: We went to the bank. We got the money. We got the money. We
got the money. We got the money. We got the money. We got the money.
We got the money. We got the money. We got the money. We got the money.
We got the money. We got the money. We got the money. We got the money.

JERRY: I'm not going to work now. I'm not going to work now.

JIM: I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not.
(CRATTLE OF PAPER DOOR CLOSING)

BESS: I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not.

SCENE: (CRATTLE OF PAPER DOOR CLOSING)

JERRY: I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not. I'm not.

SOUND THROTT ON DOOR

TIM Come in.

SOUND (DOOR OPENS AND CLODES)

DANNY (PAGE 35) Hello, Mr. Robbins.

TIM Well, Danny, tell me, are you home? We haven't seen you for a long time.

DANNY I'm all right, thank you, Hello, Miss Robinson.

MARY Hello Danny, haven't you been to the way from home for a little while?

DANNY (DISDAINFULLY) No, no no. I have been here lots of times to see Mr. Robbins. Don't I, Mr. Robbins?

TIM I would like you to come home. Danny and I are old friends. Mary (CHUCKLES) Where has he been for years?

DANNY I'm coming. You're home.

MARY Good to see you. How are you?

TIM Danny is just the same.

DANNY Oh, yes, yes, I'm all right. I'm twelve years old.

TIM How old are you, Danny?

DANNY He's home. The doctor says he's home. The doctor says he's home.

MARY Oh, yes, the doctor says.

DANNY Yes, sir, that's what I said. And the doctor says I'm twelve years old.

TIM (CHUCKLES) Well, I guess he'll be getting back to the doctor's office soon. All right.

DANNY: That's what he says, but ~~mean~~ don't think so.

BESS: How is your mother, Danny?

DANNY: She don't feel good, Mrs. Robbins, 'cause there ain't no Christmas dinner for us kids. She cried about it, so I told her I'd find a turkey and bring it to her.

BESS: Did you, Danny?

DANNY: Yes ma'am. Lookit, Mr. Robbins, what I got. I'm gonna trade all those things I got for a turkey.

JIM: Trade 'em, Danny?

DANNY: Uhuh. Looko. Here's four pennies I been savin' for a gun when I get to be twelve.

JERRY: You're startin' pretty early, Danny.

DANNY: Uh huh. And here's a piece of hwan' new fish line that's never been used except once to tie up my dog with.

JIM: That's good fishin' line, son.

DANNY: I know it is. My pop gave it to me. And here's a buckeye. It's the best one I ever had.

MARY: What's it for, Danny?

DANNY: Oh, don't you know what a buckeye is for, Miss Halloway?

MARY: I'm afraid I don't.

DANNY: It brings you good luck, specially for fishin'. You rub it on the fishin' line and it makes the fish bite. I've had it a whole year now.

JIM: What's this gold thing, Danny?

DANNY: It's a gold tooth I swiped from my Grandpa.

TIM: You arrived late.

DANNY: But we couldn't find Mr. Robinson. He has been away for some time.

TIM: (SIGHING) I wish that was it all right now.

DANNY: But there's the best thing of all.

TIM: A new wife. Say, coming a pretty one.

DANNY: It's not a wife, it's a girl. I've been married and I don't regret it. But my wife is so far from my friends.

TIM: You don't want to trade her off for your former father?

DANNY: No, but I wish I was. I'm not a happy man. In fact, I wish I could get me without a wife. I'm not a happy man.

TIM: Well, Danny, I don't think you could get a better one than your wife.

DANNY: But I wish I was.

TIM: It's a little late to be saying that. Christmas is near.

DANNY: Don't worry, I'll be home.

TIM: I'm afraid that's all I can do.

DANNY: But why don't you go to Mr. Robinson?

TIM: I don't know what to do.

DANNY: But didn't you have a lot of things for Christmas?

TIM: Maybe they'll be a little special for me. I'll be home.

DANNY: But it's all Christmas, isn't it?

TIM: No, Danny, it's not. I was just saying that my wife is not a happy man.

DANNY: But you can have a turkey with your wife. Danny.

TIM: But that's not for Christmas.

DANNY: Don't you know that's not for Christmas? I expect you ought to be home.

DANNY: She'll be awful disappointed if I don't bring her a turkey.

MARY: Well, you tell her you tried hard to find one. That will make her happy.

DANNY: Yes ma'am.

MARY: Now put your things in your pocket again -- that's it.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS)

JIM: Tell you dad I'll be up to see him soon, Danny.

DANNY: Yes sir, I will, Mr. Robbins. (FADES) Goodbye.

ALL: GOODBYE, DANNY. GOODBYE, ETC.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSES)

BESS: Jim, did you take the Kellers a Christmas basket last night?

JIM: No we didn't, Bess. There wasn't any marked for them.

BESS: I knew we'd miss somebody. I was just saying to Mary --

MARY: Oh, isn't it a pity. Mr. Keller's been out of work so long because of his leg.

JERRY: Gosh, Keller's been laid up for six months.

BESS: They've never needed help before. I suppose that's why we didn't think of them. I feel terrible about it.

MARY: So do I, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: No matter how hard we try to remember everybody, there's always someone that doesn't get a basket who really would appreciate it. -- Well, we'll have to hurry and get our turkey in the oven -- why, where --? -- the turkey -- what's become of it? It was right here on the table!

JERRY: Where's Jim?

BESS: (PAUSE) Why, he just disappeared, that's all. And the turkey, too. Jim must have --

30723 (1944-1945)

- 30723 1944-1945 - 2
- 30724 1944-1945 - 2
- 30725 1944-1945 - 2
- 30726 1944-1945 - 2
- 30727 1944-1945 - 2
- 30728 1944-1945 - 2
- 30729 1944-1945 - 2
- 30730 1944-1945 - 2
- 30731 1944-1945 - 2
- 30732 1944-1945 - 2
- 30733 1944-1945 - 2
- 30734 1944-1945 - 2
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- 30795 1944-1945 - 2
- 30796 1944-1945 - 2
- 30797 1944-1945 - 2
- 30798 1944-1945 - 2
- 30799 1944-1945 - 2
- 30800 1944-1945 - 2

ANNOUNCER (CONTINUED)

The life of a farmer seems in the peaceful and refreshing outdoors, amidst his trees, vines and other living things, where the heart and soul are free. Through such simple tasks of the day as the planting of a tree, a farmer is given to a faith that his fellow men and country will share in the fruits of his labors. Surely this life of working closely with nature must in a measure approach that more abundant way of living which the Master had in mind when he created man and placed him in a garden to dress it and to keep it.

The message of it all may be summed up closely to the spirit of the Christmas message:

PEACE ON EARTH: GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

WILLIAM J. COHEN
12-27-56

